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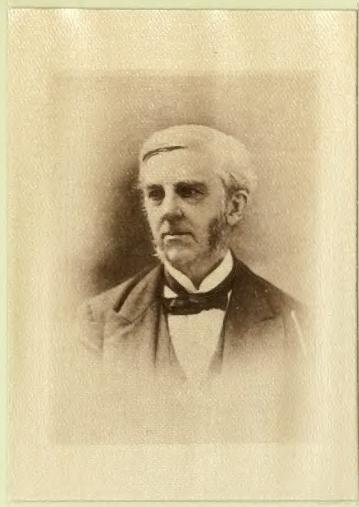


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Holmes Gems



HOLMES GEMS

ILLUSTRATED BY

LOUIS K. HARLOW



Oliver Wendell Holmes.



BOSTON
SAMUEL E. CASSINO
196 SUMMER STREET

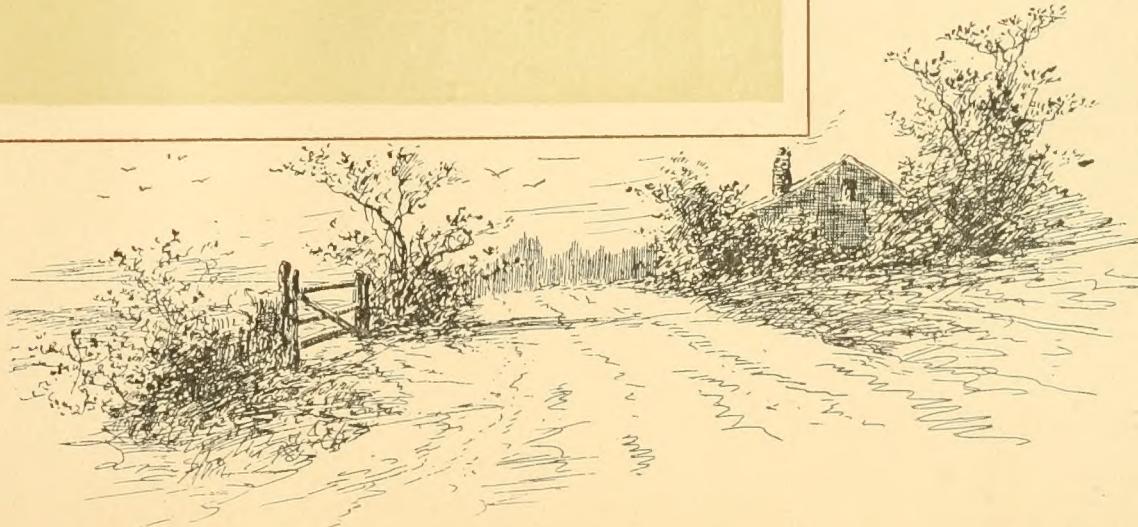
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POETRY.—A METRICAL ESSAY.

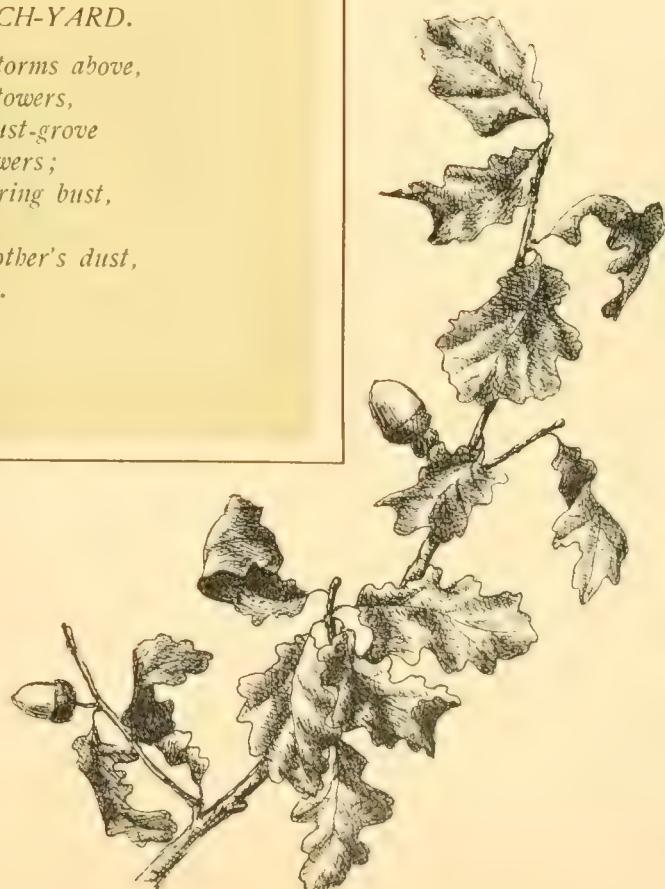
*The morning light, which rains its quivering beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below ;
Yet, changed on earth, each far-reflected ray
Braids with fresh hues the shining brow of day.*





THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCH-YARD.

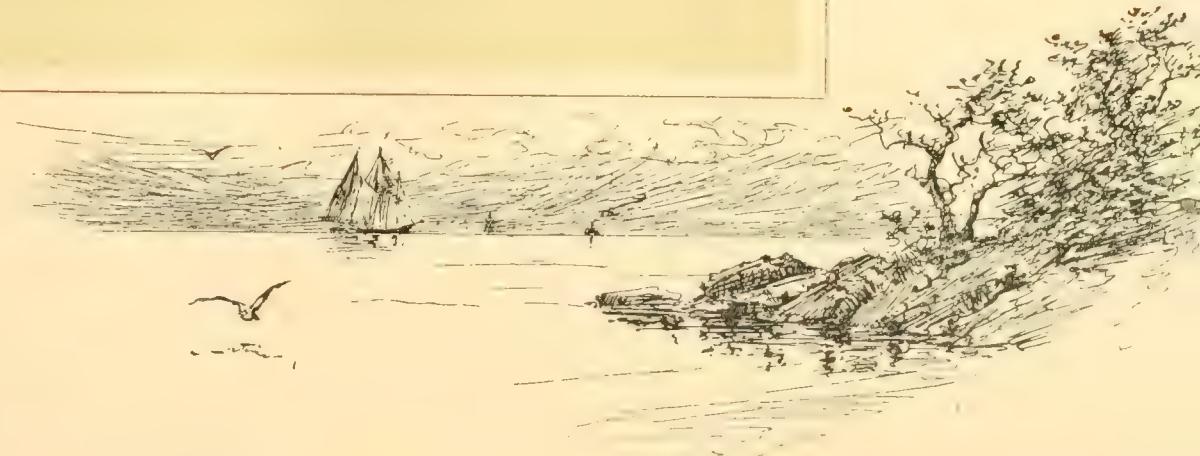
*When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.*





POETRY.—A METRICAL ESSAY.

*Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
Their slender shadows on the paths below ;
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland tracks,
The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer.*





POETRY.—*A METRICAL ESSAY.*

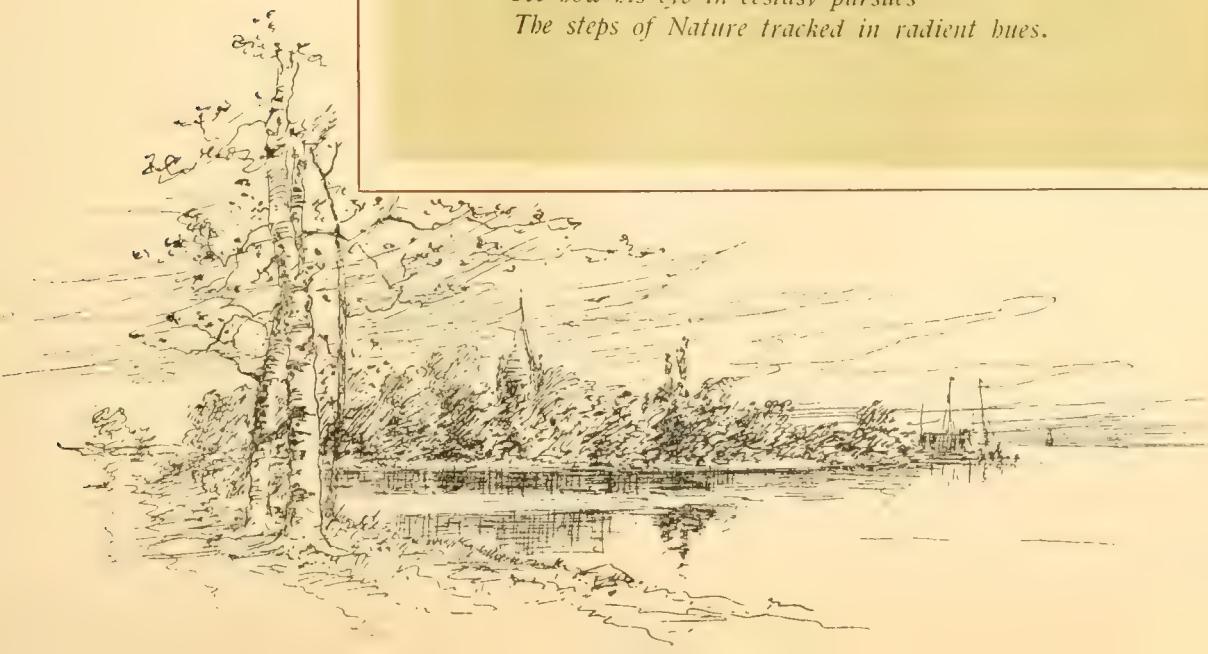
*Home of our childhood ! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !
Dearer thy hills, though clad in Autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown !
Sweeter the fragrance of thy Summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !*





POETRY.—A METRICAL ESSAY.

When the green earth, beneath the zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds of Spring ;
When the loosed current, as its folds uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed soil ;
When the young hyacinth returns to seek
The air and sunshine with her emerald beak ;
Then mark the poet ; though to him unknown,
The quaint-mouthed titles, such as scholars own ;
See how his eye in ecstasy pursues
The steps of Nature tracked in radiant hues.





DEPARTED DAYS.

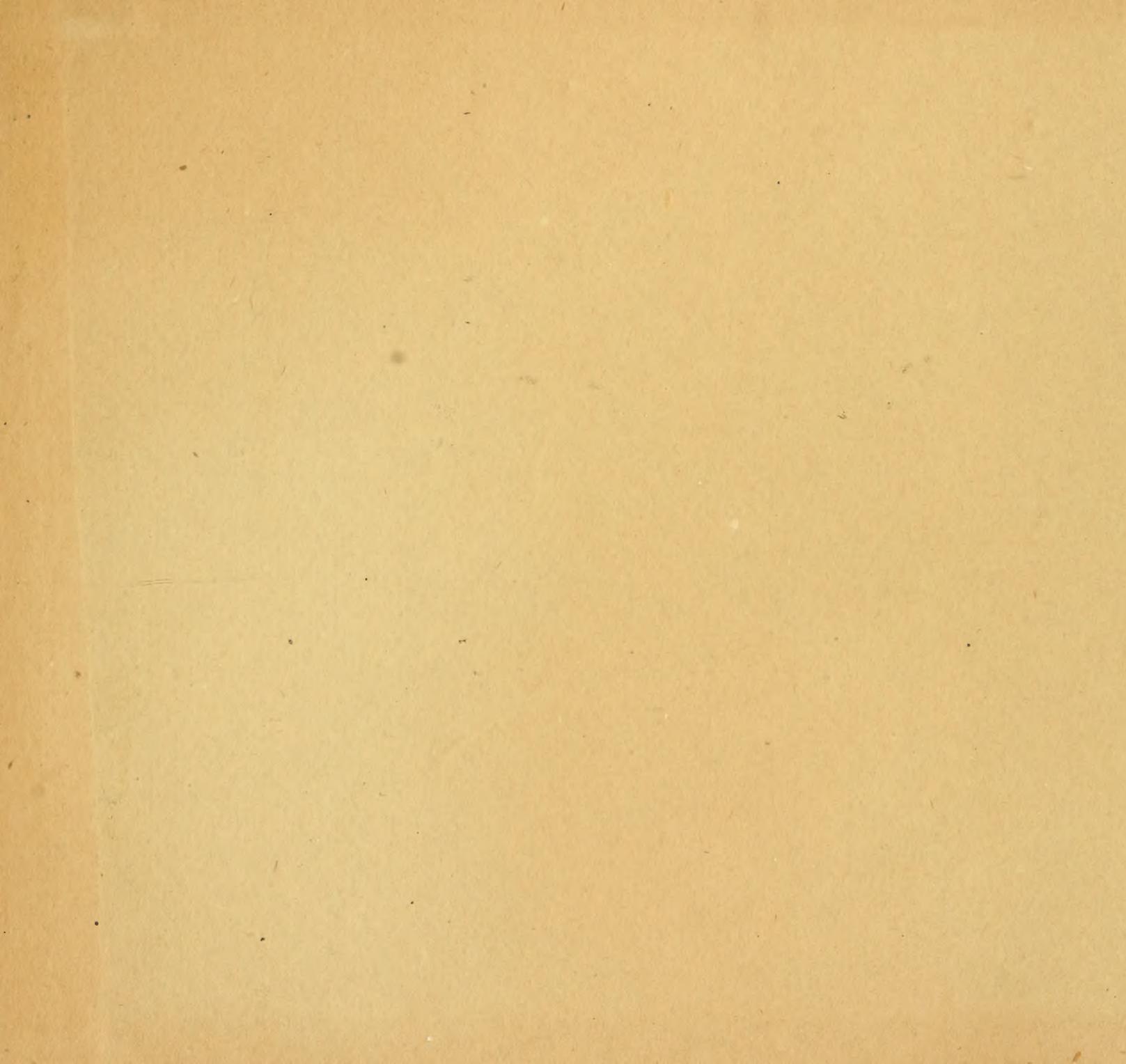
*But, like a child in Ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam ;
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark, — the sun goes down, —
Day breaks, — and where are we ?*











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